

Wanted—Apples.

From six to ten barrels of fine, choice, apples, must be picked. In replying please state kind, quality and price. Address this office at once.

twenty-six inches long, not larger than my small finger, seventeen pears—Flemish beauty—each as large, though, as a common coffee cup. I saw peach trees so loaded with fruit that every limb had to be propped in from one to five places and then they tipped almost to the ground from sheer overloading. I saw one orchard after another where men were employed early in the season to thin out the growing fruit one-half and the trees were still overloaded. I saw enough potatoes taken from one hill to almost fill a half bushel measure. I saw fields of alfalfa which annually produce from six to eight tons of hay which sells in stack at from \$3 75 to \$4 50 per ton, and rent for pasture during the fall months at \$1 25 per acre. I saw a man who this year sold eighty tons of onions as the crop grown on fifteen acres of land at \$20 per ton. The entire cost of the crop from planting to the market was less than \$400. The rest, a little over \$1,200, was all profit. I saw the greatest producing hop fields on the face of the globe, fields from which the owners clear all the way from \$200 to \$2,000 an acre from the year's product owing to the market. This year the price of hops is low, one grower told me that he would "only clear about two hundred dollars an acre from this crop owing to the poor market." I saw melon fields from which the owner sold over \$300 worth of cantaloups to the acre this year and was still shipping. I saw five acre orchard gardens off of the annual product of which a family makes a comfortable living. I saw men by the dozen who came here five, six, eight and ten years ago without a dollar who own up that they could never make money anywhere else who today own ten, twenty and forty acre farms, are surrounded with plenty and are out of debt. I saw in all this great valley only three men, who having lived here over two years, want to sell and return to the east. One goes to New York to care for his parents in their old age, the other two have property interests that call them back. I only saw a few cultivated farms for sale, and those were owned by non residents, by business men in town who want to concentrate their interests, or farmers who want to move onto larger farms. I saw a doctor who was "kicking" because the country around Zillah, where he is located, is so healthy that with his practice and drugstore combined he can only make a bare living. And stay he must, as it is the only place in Europe or America he has ever found where he can breathe free from asthma. I did not see a single fly-net on a driving horse all the time I was in the valley, and did not see cattle bunched in the pasture as they do in Iowa. The reason, I was told, is that there are few or no flies to bother.

In every other section of the United States I have ever visited I could find plenty of grumblers and plenty of men who wanted to leave. Here the people are contented. They tell you frankly that other sections are good in their judgment, but that this is the best; that they can grow anything here adapted to the temperate zone, from wheat to egg-plant, and grow it in almost abnormal quantities; that they have a good and expanding market, an even, healthy climate, good schools and good society, and neither wish to sell their homes or leave the country.

Now had a man told me this before I left home I would not have believed it. Even Saylor, knowing how implicitly I always trust him—a man whose veracity no child under five years old ever questioned—hesitated to tell me. Had he presumed on my credulity and told only half of what I really saw I would have reminded him of his story of the Indian down on the Yakima river. The ferry had twisted out of shape, the ferryman was fixing it; an Indian came along and asked if the river could be forded. The ferryman said a man had forded it the day before. The siwash started in, went a little too low down, and he and his horse had both to swim through the mush ice to the shore. The lord of the plains slowly climbed to the opposite shore, whipped the "dew" from his hair, straightened up with a dignified bearing of a proud but injured ruler, shook his fist, and in tones which rolled like muttering thunder across that half mile of rushing water, said slowly and with measured emphasis: "White man, you heap lie."

It is in reality the most wonderful section of the American continent. First the soil is a volcanic ash all the way from twenty to thirty feet deep that contains as much of plant food as to give to everything planted in it an almost abnormal growth, and second, there is the greatest abundance of water afforded of any irrigated section of the United States. I saw enough water going to waste to irrigate twice the amount of land under the ditches; and lastly, the season is warm enough in summer to give everything the right "push," and the winters are moderate, so that nothing of fruit or shrub is killed by the frost. I found it as warm during the day, part of the time, as in Iowa. Only two or three nights were too warm for comfort, and then only up to midnight. Most of the evenings and nights were cool and many of the days were cool enough to be pleasant. Fearing that perhaps local pride had something to do with the uniformly altruistic statements of the farmer and professional man I visited business houses and gossiped with proprietors and clerks as to trade and the general character of commercial transactions. From these I learned that trade is uniformly good, and cash payments for purchases is the rule. Very little credit is asked for, as people in general have money to pay as they go.

I asked Mr. A. B. Kline, assistant cashier of the First National bank of North Yakima

as to the volume of business passing thro his bank. A day later he very kindly handed me the following statement, over his own signature:

MR. S. H. BASHOR:

As requested we have looked into the matter of the quantity of money that has passed thro this bank during the past twelve months as proceeds of the following commodities. We find as follows:

Hops.....	\$180,000 00
Sheep and wool.....	200,000 00
Fruit and hay.....	150,000 00

During the present season about twenty cars of melons are being shipped daily from the depot of this city, fifteen to twenty cars of hay daily, and it is estimated that there will be one hundred cars of winter apples shipped from here this fall. A very extensive product is our wheat; a great deal is shipped; our local mills manufacture flour largely for the export trade. The above are the principal sources of income to the farmers. Our N. P. agent informs us that during the past twelve months the North Yakima depot has collected for freights and express \$110,000 and that during the last few years the shipments have shown an annual increase of from 50 to 75 per cent. This, of course, does not include the number of smaller shipping points situated in the lower part of the country. Respectfully,

A. B. KLINE,
Assistant Cashier.

The Yakima National bank does an equal amount of business and a tabulated statement of all the leading institutions of the city would show a volume of monetary transactions of which many a much larger city would be justly proud. Added to all this is society, as good as found anywhere on the continent, good schools, all the leading churches, with settled pastors and well attended services. In no other city of 4,000 people on the continent have I found a more wide awake, intelligent, courteous or companionable set of business and professional men. The business opportunities for young men of moderate means, and especially for young farmers, are the best I have ever seen. The country is young. It is just being developed, and those who go there now will be able to get in on the "ground floor," and grow into wealth as the commerce and opportunities of the state expand. Every man who has gone there and worked has made and is making money. It seems to be the place where the "never-do-wells" of other sections gather new life and grow into land owners and bank patrons. One old man who had roamed over forty states "busted and blue" is here one of the progressive and prosperous farmers of the valley. He says, "All a man needs to make a living in the Yakima valley is a pair of overalls and a ten acre farm." And I believe him from what we saw at every point and everywhere.

Of the extent of the Yakima valley and its adjuncts I must speak in a separate letter.

STEPHEN H. BASHOR.